

AUGUST 19, 1934

GUEST, F. TRUBEE DAVISON

"AMERICAN-BOSCH RADIO EXPLORERS CLUB"() ()
5:30 - 5:45 PMAUGUST 19, 1934SUNDAY(SIGNATURE....."SAILOR'S HORNPIPE".....CONCERTINA)OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT:

Presenting...the first meeting of the Radio Explorers
Club!

(CONCERTINA....OUT)

ANNOUNCER: Come sail the seven seas with us!

(WIND AND SURF EFFECTS)

Explore the wild jungles of Africa!

(JUNGLE EFFECTS)

Visit the cannibal countries!

(TOM TOMS)

Circle the globe with the American-Bosch Round-the World
Radio!

(STRONG GUST OF WIND - REGISTER FADE)

ANNOUNCER:

Welcome boys and girls ...welcome mother and dad too
to the first weekly meeting of the Radio Explorers Club!

Presiding over this new club, is Captain James P.
Barker...famous sea captain who has rounded Cape Horn forty one times
in windjammers. He will set the scene of the day's adventure with a
thrilling story from his own varied experience. He will introduce as
the club's guest a world-famous explorer, F. Trubee Davison,
President of the American Museum of Natural History....Will you take
charge of the meeting, Captain Barker?

BARKER:

I should say I will.....Well boys and girls....we're in for a lot of fun together and some thrilling experiences. Together we'll sail to port all over the world. We'll see what life is like among the South American head-hunters; we'll visit the secret empire of the snakes, look in on the penguins of the South Pole and capture dragon lizards on Komodo Island in the Far East...Today, in our first meeting, we're going to hobnob with the king of beasts....the African lion.

A little later I'm going to introduce our guest explorer, F. Trubee Davison, President of the American Museum of Natural History, who will head our party to Tanganyika in British East Africa and tell us something about the domestic habits of wild animals on our first American Bosch Radio Expedition. And before our meeting is over I'm going to tell you how every boy and girl can become an enrolled member of the Radio Explorer's Club.

You know...speaking of Africa reminds me of the time we rescued the crew of a sinking ship in mid-ocean. It happened during a voyage which took me around Africa from Australia to South America. I always think of it when people talk about pouring oil on troubled waters.

It was the fifth of July, 1913, and my command, the steamer Lord Cromer, was bound for Valparaiso, Chile, with a cargo of black diamondscoal from the Australian mines.

The time was a little after midnight. My seven year old son Roland was asleep in my bunk, and I had just settled back on the settee for a smoke when the mate pounded on my room door.....

"Captain Barker, Captain Barker," he shouted, "there's a vessel in distress, two points off the starboard bow, sir!"

I ran out on deck and reached the bridge just as a stabbing shaft of light appeared in the heavens.....It was a rocket right enough.

To the man-at-the-wheel; "Port two points!"

And back came his acknowledgment, "Port two points, sir.

By gad, I may tell you it was a dirty spalpeen of a night for a ship to be in distress. Great foam-crested seas loomed in the night.....Somewhere out there our assistance was needed. Men were in peril, and there was no time to lose.

Just before dawn, an unforgettable scene was unfolded before our eyes....There, down on the starboard beam, a dismantled schooner wallowed like a log in the rolling mountains of water...I counted six men on her poop, all of them lashed to the rail and in grave danger of being swept away.

"Mr. Taylor," I said to the mate, "rouse out all hands. Call for lifeboat volunteers. Now, step lively!! "

"Ay, aye, sir!"

I next ordered large quantities of oil to be dumped overboard through the scuppers to create a smooth to leeward. It was "Oil on Troubled Waters" this time all right. At a word from the mate, the lifeboat was manned, but launched with much difficulty and at great risk to life and limb. For a moment I thought it would be smashed to pieces against the Lord Cromer's massive iron side. But no.....it sheered clear and proceeded down to leeward.....

We on the Lord Cromer could now read the name on the schooner's counter. She was the Tramp, of Sydney. With anxious eyes we watched the progress of our lifeboat.

At last the crew of the distressed vessel, half dead with hunger and thirst, were taken off successfully and landed safely enough on the deck of the Lord Cromer. (CONT'D)

In a subsequent report signed by Captain Cringall, master of the Tramp, a high tribute was paid to the gallantry of my crew.

Yes sir, I can remember that as if it were just yesterday, it all came back to me as I sat twirling the dial of my American-Bosch radio and listened to Station ZTJ, Johannesburg, Africa. What memories this radio brings back! But enough of that for today. I know you're waiting for a glimpse into the kingdom of the African lion. So I'm going to introduce to you Mr. Hans C. Adamson, of the American Museum of Natural History, who is going to chat here before the mike with our guest explorer F. Trubee Davison.....Mr. Adamson!

MR ADAMSON: Thank you, Captain...We who have seen tame lions only behind bars may find it difficult to believe that Mr. Davison...accompanied by his wife and the Martin-Johnsons actually made friends with families of wild, untamed lions.....brought them food, and learned to know them as individuals. Why - it seems like a modern version of Daniel in the Lion's Den.....Tell me, Mr. Davison, did you ever think of Daniel while you were there?

DAVISON: No. I don't think I ever did...for we saw no lions in dens. Those we did see were following the great herds of antelope and zebra on which they feed. And *most of them live in the dongas* the herds, in turn roamed the vast serrengetti plains *on British Tanganyika* in search of grass and water. *What in the world are dongas* Serrengetti plains?What are they like?

Wolf
MR ADAMSON:

MR DAVISON:

Well....they're ~~full of~~ *dongas* dried-up river beds that are lined with tall grass and thick bushes. And there, where they can see without being seen, the lions frequently live in large families. (CONT'D)

①

MR DAVISON: (CONT'D)

Whenever we located a family we would drive up to its donga with food and watch them for hours on end.

ADAMSON: That sounds very dangerous....why didn't they ^{lions} attack you, ^{you} or run away. *gm.*

DAVISON: I don't know really. Perhaps they didn't regard us as human beings ^{which means as enemies} because we didn't come afoot. There's a peculiar streak in their make-up. When lions scent man afoot, they smell danger and act accordingly. But you can sit in a truck only a few feet from a whole clan in perfect safety.

wolf
ADAMSON: Do you mean to say that.....

DAVISON: Yes...we could laugh and shout and wave our arms with little effect on the lions. *But what's the answer, Mr. Davison*
wolf
Davison Perhaps the smell of gas and oil killed the man scent.

ADAMSON: Were you always in cars when you visited your ^{lion} friends?

DAVISON: Yes...although once my wife got partially out of the car and gave us a tense and thrilling moment.

ADAMSON: You mean that Mrs. Davison actually stepped down on the ground while lions were near? *There were lions in the neighborhood?*

DAVISON: *In the neighborhood... sure.*
~~Oh~~ ...they were all around us..About a dozen, I should say. I was taking pictures from the roof of Martin Johnson's truck while my wife sat next to Mr. Johnson in the front seat. My helmet fell off and rolled toward two lions who were licking their chops in anticipation of a big meal.

ADAMSON: *And did they take your helmet for a canope?*
Did they get away with the helmet?

DAVISON: No, I got it back but it was a ticklish moment. That pith hat, you see was all that stood between me and a sunstroke. (CONT'D)

(2)

DAVISON: (CONT'D)

So Mrs. Johnson drove toward it. The lions without excitement or haste...moved a few yards out of the way. My wife leaned down to scoop up my hat, and I breathed a sigh of relief...only I did it a little too soon. I hardly dared believe my eyes, when - a split second later... I saw Mrs Davison put one foot on the ground to pick up some precious cigarettes that had fallen down from the ~~truck~~ ^{her pocket.}

well
ADAMSON:

Were you scared?

DAVISON:

of course I was - - -
I was terribly scared. There were the lions only a few feet away, *and believe me,* and they can cover a lot of territory when they go into action. But my wife was as cool as a cucumber and the big cats just stared at her with polite but detached interest.

ADAMSON:

Well Mrs Davison certainly has her nerve with her. But aside from that episode...did your party ever have any real trouble *with lions.*

DAVISON:

Well.....once I had a pretty bad scare. One day a wounded chetah ran into a donga. We knew it was dangerous to go after it....but felt that we could not leave a wounded beast to its eventual destruction.

We searched that donga for more than a hundred yards in every direction. No chetah. Mrs. Johnson and I took the car and investigated the brush a little further down-stream.

WOLF
ADAMSON:

Wait...
~~What!~~...You and Mrs. Johnson went alone--unguarded--
 in the truck?

DAVISON:

That's right and me
 Yes -- we had driven less than a hundred yards when
 we came upon a scene that startled us to the core.
 A beautiful lioness was stretched upon the ground and
 two very small cubs snuggled close to her side in sleepy
 contentment. It was a lovely picture--from a car. But
 I hate to think what would have happened if we had ~~come upon~~ *been*
~~it~~ afoot. The lioness would have attacked to protect her
 young--and the ending of that story would have been
 too tragic to tell.

ADAMSON:

That female nursing her cubs makes me wonder do lions
 make good parents?

DAVISON

How
 I can answer that question best by recounting one
 of our most vivid experiences. It deals with another
~~lioness with older cubs.~~ *who had somewhat*
 One day we were watching a
 family feed, when -- *a fine* -- followed by two plump and tawny
~~youngsters --~~ *and right behind her were two* a lioness came out of the grass. The cubs
 rushed ahead to get a bite but their mother evidently
 thought them too young for raw meat. She herded them
 under a tree and seemed to say: "Now children - stay
 here and behave yourselves."

ADAMSON:

And did they obey?

DAVISON:

They certainly did. Though they sat with hungry eyes
 and watched their mother, aunts and uncles eat with
 great gusto, *the two* *right* cubs stayed under that tree...

(CONT. OVER)

WOLF

You almost make me feel sorry for them,
Am I

DAVISON

(CONTINUES)

That's what we did Mr Wolf. But as I said the cubs had several aunts present and
 But, you know how aunts are! One of the females tore
 off a juicy tidbit and brought it over to the ~~cubs~~
 cubs, and how they loved it! They snarled
 and growled and had a lovely time until the mother
 noticed what the aunt had done.

Wolf
 ADAMSON

and
 Was the old girl peeved?

DAVISON

Well, she swished her tail which showed she was not
 pleased. After watching the cubs a minute or two,
 she took the meat and buried it. But the youngsters
and began to try to dig it up
 started to cry like babies in a tantrum, whereupon
 the mother calmly sat on the spot where the meat
calmly as you please
 was buried - and that was that!

ADAMSON

What about old King Leo himself? Did you see much
 of him?

DAVISON

of him of the real King of the jungle.

Not much, unfortunately. The old fellows usually kept
 a dignified distance between themselves and us.

We came to know one lordly chap fairly well - A
 magnificent fellow with a great mane and the
 dignity of a judge. We called him "Big Boy."

You have heard about the gallantry of lions, *Mr Adamson*

ADAMSON

Oh yes, though I've never witnessed it first hand.

DAVISON

did for
 Well, one day "Big Boy" gave us a sample of it.

Martin Johnson - in order to get some pictures -
 tied a chunk of meat to a tree so that the lions
 could not drag it into the shade. Our guests -

several females *lions* and a few bachelors-yanked at the
 meat to pull it out of the sun, *they couldn't get away with it.* but in vain. Suddenly,

"Big Boy", who had been watching from the donga, walked
 with majestic leisure to the group,

DAVISON

(CONTINUES)

sank his teeth into the meat and yanked quickly with his powerful body.

The rope broke and "Big Boy" carried the meat to a shady spot where he dropped it and walked back to his lair with a look that plainly said:

"There - you women and youngsters - it takes a man to do that job!"

ADAMSON

Thank you - Mr. Davison - You've certainly given us a thrilling picture of life in the African jungles.....~~I wish you had time~~ to tell us more about lions, but I know that the observations of four weeks cannot be told in a few minutes. Well -- now I'm going to turn the microphone back to Captain Barker, guiding spirit of the American Bosch Radio Explorer's Club.

BARKER

Thank you, Mr. Adamson .. and you, Mr. Davison... By gad....that's a thrilling business, hob-nobbing with lions! I've been in many a tight fix myself.. on the sea, but, even so, I believe I'd prefer taking my chances with the god of the waves than with the king of the beasts...

ADAMSON

I believe I would too, Captain...but then - every man to his own calling..

BARKER

True enough - who's to be our guest explorer next Sunday - Mr. Adamson?

Please start on other copy under this

ADAMSON

A man who needs no introduction - Dr Roy Chapman Andrews.

BARKER

Roy Chapman Andrews! One of America's foremost explorers! What's he going to tell us about?

ADAMSON

The pre-historic mastodons he discovered in the Gobi Desert - way out in the Orient.

BARKER

That ought to be most interesting --- You know - I've got a corking story about the Orient - but that will have to wait until next meeting, for I know you boys and girls out there are anxious to hear all about the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club - and how to join it - Well - first of all - I want to give you all my most cordial invitation to enroll - because membership will give you so many wonderful things you'll want. You'll get a membership certificate --- very handsome indeed----something you'll be proud to hang on the wall of your room - because it will have your name on it.

Then the map - and by gad, it's a corking map I want to tell you - the Radio Explorer's Club authorized map of the world - showing you just where the leading radio stations are - all over the globe - and that's something you'll have loads of fun with - when you chart your own radio explorations. You can put in little X marks in the circles that indicate the location of the stations you hear.. And then there's the great prize contest that you'll want to get in on. I'll tell you more about that in later meetings.

BARKER

Finally - and best of all - when you enroll in the Radio Explorer's Club you'll receive the official insignia of membership - a smart little badge which will identify you as a radio explorer..I could go on a long time about the fun we're going to have together in the Radio Explorer's Club, but I know you're waiting to find out exactly what to do to enroll....and I'm going to leave the details to our announcer...clear sailing to you - till next Sunday at three bells!

ANNOUNCER

Thank you - Captain Barker. Now - boys and girls - this is all you need to do in order to join the Club; just send your name and address - with the name and age of the radio set at which you are listening - to American Bosch -American B-o-s-c-h - Springfield, Massachusetts. We repeat: to join the club merely send your name and address with the name and age of the radio set at which you are listening to American Bosch, American B-o-s-c-h - Springfield, Massachusetts, and you'll be off on the highway of adventure with the Radio Explorer's Club. Almost as thrilling as actual adventure, is the adventure you can have with the new 1935 American-Bosch Round-the-World-Radio....Turn the dial! At six thousand and twenty Kilocycles you are at Station DJC Berlin, at nine thousand five hundred ninety Kilocycles you are at VK2ME, Sydney, Australia. At 17,775 Kilocycles, you're in London, at station GSG.

ANNOUNCER

Two thousand one hundred and ninety seven radio communication channels - ranging from 540 to 22,500 Kilocycles - are at your finger tips on these new American-Bosch radios. The Multi-Wave Selector, a patented exclusive American Bosch feature, makes round-the-world radio exploration a simple matter at last. Right-Angle tuning, featured in Models 460 and 480 make it equally convenient for you to tune a radio standing up or sitting down. All these new 1935 American-Bosch Round-The-World Radios are now on display at your dealer's.

("SAILOR'S HORNPIPE" CONCERTINA)(FADES IN HERE AND BUILDS TO CLIMAX)

Be sure to attend next Sunday afternoon's meeting of the American-Bosch Radio Explorer's Club at 5:30 P.M., at which another famous explorer from the American Museum of Natural History - Theodore Roosevelt, will be the guest of Captain Barker.

(SIGNATURE TO CONCLUSION)

As Captain Barker is at present on the high seas, his part in the program until his return in a very few weeks is being played by _____

THIS IS THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY.

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